



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

The fiddler-chick now is a bridegroom, a man,
A father—misdoubt me who will!
(No matter! the fiddle plays merrily yet:
He boards with *her* family still!)

Out, out of the nest now, and look to thyself,
And thine be the loss and the gain,
Oh, fiddler-chick! (see the string leaping and—snap!
Another one broken in twain!)

And year follows year, and old age comes at last.
Cough, hobble, and groan, and drag on
A little while longer, a few more days yet—
(Another, the third one, has gone!)

And now the old fiddler lies stretched on his bed,
(One string still is left to me—one!)
He feels for his fiddle, he longs for it—nay!
His playing is over and done.

The fiddle-string shudders, it shivers and sighs,
It moans—you would think it had spoken!
The string, how it stretches and strains itself—ah,
'Tis broken, the last one is broken!

'Tis broken—and useless and mute on the ground
The fiddle, it lies where it fell.
Both fiddle and fiddler have come to an end,
The song, too, is finished—farewell!

STOLEN.

ONCE upon a time a lovely,
Black-eyed, little Roman matron,
With a sage and ancient teacher
Reasoned of the Jew's religion.

Tell me, Rabbi (thus demanded,
Wondering, the youthful lady),
In the Bible it is written
That, when our great-grand-dame Eva

God Almighty fashioned, Adam
Caused he first to fall on slumber.
Then, from out the helpless creature,
Quietly, a rib was taken.

Taken—nay, I say 'twas stolen!
See you, Rabbi, it was taken
From the sleeping!—is it meet now,
That a God should stoop to thieving?

And is this the great and mighty
God, the love and awe-inspiring,
This the God, whose name so proudly
You uphold before the nations?

Lady, (this is now the answer
Of the teacher sage and ancient),
You will graciously allow me
To repeat a little story!

'Tis a true one, and moreover,
Lady, mine own self concerning;
Very lately too it happened—
That by night came one and robbed me.

In the dawning, when from slumber
I arose, intending straightway
To betake myself to study,
Lo, my little lamp was missing!

Mine own lamp, so old and battered,
Black with smoke, that cost my father,
Thirty years ago, it may be,
Seven coins in honest copper.

Well, the lamp was gone—for ever !
But—now listen, dearest lady !
In the corner, where aforetime
Stood the lamp so old and dingy,

I beheld a lamp, a new one,
Broad and high, of precious metal,
Little figures fine were graven
On the sides and round the border ;

On the top there shone and sparkled
Here, and there again, a brilliant,
Brightly as the stars at midnight
Sparkle in the deep blue heaven.

Now, what say you, madam, tell me,
To such dear and kindly robber ?
Once again, I pray, with patience
Take our Bible, turn the pages,

Read a little, and consider,
Honoured lady mine, of Adam
And of Eve the ancient story. . .
Madam, do you call it stealing ?

SPRING SONGS.

THE wild-dove is cooing,
She calls from the tree :
Come, children, the breezes
Are lightsome and free !

The long threads of sunlight
From heaven now issue,
As some one sat weaving
A shimmering tissue :